

Activities of Women Prominent in the Social Life of the Nation's Capital

In the Social World

By MAUD McDUGALL.

Isn't it nice to have the schools and the theaters and the churches open again—even if one doesn't personally patronize them so very much? The fact that one couldn't save such an appalling sense of disaster that the entire community seemed wrapped in gloom, which the mere resumption of "business" and pleasure—as usual—will go a long way to dispelling. As a matter of fact, one can not yet say when business really will be "as usual." For there seems to be no idea of permitting the stores to open up "as usual." The stores not opening until ten, which of course hurts my feelings horribly, does a whole lot to relieve the early morning street car congestion, when everybody went to work at once. Naturally the salespeople like it, since it cuts their day by at least an hour—but equally, of course, the merchants don't. Though since they all have to do it, it probably doesn't affect any of them much. And it certainly does relieve the pressure a lot.

As for the churches—they were told they could open "for business" on Thursday—which relieved the minds of several girls whose chief business at the moment is getting married. You may remember last week that I was wondering whether the authorities were going to be unkind enough to interfere with Lucy Burleson's wedding plans. They weren't. She was married late this afternoon at St. John's in the presence of a select few—very few, as I understand it, and very select.

It was expected that the President and Mrs. Wilson, and as much

of the cabinet as is in commission, would be there, and a few others in official life who have been closely associated with the family of the Postmaster General, and a few of the bride's girl friends and that's about all outside of members of the two families most concerned. No, my dear, I don't qualify. I'm sorry, for Lucy must have made charming bride, and I'd like to have seen her married.

You know, it was originally announced that there would be only two attendants on the bride—her sister and her. But Miss Lucy decided that she must have the support of both of her sisters on so momentous an occasion. Oh no, indeed! That didn't eliminate Miss Mary Grimes—it simply added Mrs. Richard Negley (nee Burleson) as matron of honor, and left Miss Sydney and Miss Mary Grimes as bridesmaids.

It was really charming wedding party, and an entirely consistent wartime wedding. The bride was thoroughly "bridey" in white satin, made rather simply with a short panel train, a tight-fitting bodice, cut square in the neck, and a skirt hanging in straight folds on one side and draped a little at the bottom on the other. Practically its only trimming was some fine, old lace—rose point and the orange blossoms that every bride loves to wear. Her veil was of rose point and orange blossoms. And she carried Bride roses and lilies of the valley—mostly the latter.

Mrs. Negley, who, although she married almost a year ago, has a reputation as a Congressional beauty, was lovely in cream chiffon cut on white. She wore a picture hat of black velvet with black and cream ostrich feathers. As for the bridesmaids, they were a dainty pair in white chiffon very much draped—an overskirt effect you know, apparently over a skirt rather tight at the bottom. And they wore black velvet pokes with wee black ostrich tips for trimming, and their deep framing brims faced with pale pink. It was a quaintly attractive little party.

The church was very little decorated. There were flowers on the altar, but no attempt at decorating the entire church. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father, and was met at the altar by her bridegroom in uniform as were most of the men of the wedding party. Mr. Grimes had dressed in a picture hat of black velvet with black and cream ostrich feathers. As for the bridesmaids, they were a dainty pair in white chiffon very much draped—an overskirt effect you know, apparently over a skirt rather tight at the bottom. And they wore black velvet pokes with wee black ostrich tips for trimming, and their deep framing brims faced with pale pink. It was a quaintly attractive little party.

There was a small reception at the house after the ceremony, with the newly weds and their respective parents forming a receiving group in front of the bay window which was banked with white chrysanthemums, and then Ensign and Mrs. Charles Greene Grimes were off on their wedding trip, the former still in uniform of course—his life made simple for a man—and the latter in a becoming traveling gown of brown tulle, on rather plain lines and a smart little black hat with a beaded ornament.

Of course I don't know where they went. But it might be a fair guess that they are borrowing the Robert Crains' rather sublimated "bungalow" down the Potomac a bit, near Shepherdstown, Md. The Crains are really Baltimore people, but they've been living in Washington for the last year or two up on Wyoming avenue alongside of the Danieles, and almost opposite the Lanes.

They seem to be particular chums of the Burlesons, who spent much of the summer down at Mount Victory, as they call their bungalow, on the Potomac. And the entire family—including the son-in-law-elect—went down there last Saturday for the last week-end before the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Grimes, of Dayton, the parents of the bridegroom, head the list of the out-of-town guests. They and their daughter, Miss Mary, stayed at the Arlington. The Burlesons have a house party which included Miss Emma MacDonald, from Austin—Mr. Burleson's niece—and Misses Marjorie and Natalie Arnold, from Haverhill, Mass.

Brig. Gen. and Mrs. William Judson are visiting Mrs. Charles Brownell, having come from New York for the wedding, and there are a few more from out of town.

On the whole, it was rather astonishingly small for a Cabinet wedding—as one thinks back over past weddings of Cabinet girls—Nona McAdoo's the last.

In fact, there are a number of astonishing things about this marriage of Lucy Burleson's. The announcement of the engagement was a surprise. Not, of course, that it was surprising that Lucy was to be married, the surprising thing was that she was to marry into the navy instead of the army. Among her family friends it was settled—unofficially, of course, but quite decidedly—that she was to marry into the army—the army overseas. So the modest, almost casual, announcement of her engagement set telephone bells ringing all over town.

There was nobody more astonished than the commotion it created—the young man in the case. Official prominence was something quite new to him. He was simply one of thousands of others who had gone into the navy. In the course of duty he was detailed to Washington for a time, assigned to the office in the Navy Department of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, under Paymaster General Samuel McGowan, and still in the course of duty—and human events—he met there an attractive little yeoman working in the same office and promptly fell in love with her. To him the affair is all quite simple, he doesn't quite understand the greatness he achieved by his sudden appearance in the Cabinet circle, nor why he was so one morning to find himself famous—when he only knew that he was very happy.

As for his bride—well, yes, she knew that she was doing the unexpected and was implicitly pleading with her accordingly. When one of her really intimate friends called her over the telephone to offer congratulations, and demand explanations, she answered gaily, "C'est la guerre!"

Which is perhaps, after all, the best explanation of it. Here's wishing them every happiness, anyhow!

MISS DOROTHY GRAVES, daughter of Maj. Gen. William Graves. She will wed Maj. Orton tomorrow.



of which Mrs. Lansing is president, is having its monthly sale. It is supposed to open at 1 o'clock on the last Friday of each month, and all the following day. Last Friday, however, they proved so popular that they were almost completely sold out, and by noon Saturday had to close for lack of stock.

To return to our weddings—yet another which is to follow even closer on the heels of the announcement of the engagement than did Lucy Burleson's is that of Dorothy Graves, daughter of Gen. and Mrs. William Graves, and Maj. William Orton, of Chicago, now stationed in Washington. The engagement was only announced last Saturday, and the wedding is to be tomorrow at St. Margaret's. The bride's father, Maj. Gen. William Graves, U. S. A., is in charge of the A. E. F. in Siberia, and of course, cannot be present at his daughter's wedding and so the bride will be given away by her uncle, Mr. Cyrus Merriam, of New York. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sidney Graves, wife of Maj. Graves, U. S. A., who also is in Siberia, will attend her. Maj. Orton's attendants will be his brother, Lieut. Julian Orton, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Col. John Alexander, U. S. A., who was one of the classmates at the United States Military Academy at West Point; Maj. Douglas Gillett, U. S. A., and Maj. E. A. Davidson, U. S. A., who are stationed at Camp Humphreys, and Maj. Joseph M. Swann, U. S. A. There will be no reception.

Gen. Graves has not had a Washington assignment for years, and so his daughter is not as well known in Washington as she is likely to be six

months hence, after a season here as a bride.

Which is equally true of Mrs. Edwin Prescott Grosvenor, whose marriage last Saturday to Gilbert Grosvenor's son brother was a surprise, in fact two or three surprises, to nearly every one. One of the surprises lay in the fact that comparatively few people in Washington even knew that Gilbert Grosvenor—whom it thought it knew pretty well—had a twin brother. Another was the development of a relationship between the Grosvenors and former President Taft, which had somehow been rather generally overlooked. And then, of course, the fact of a wedding—which had not been very generally known and discussed in advance—at Wildacres, the Grosvenors' country home out toward Rockville—was a surprise. Naturally the bride was a surprise, and a delightful one. Washington is looking forward to making her acquaintance.

She was Miss Thelma Cudlipp, of New York, a well-known illustrator, and an extremely clever and attractive woman, and Washington is really looking forward to making her acquaintance. The wedding was a very quiet one, made notable by the fact that a former President of the United States gave the bride away. It seems that Mr. Taft is not only a cousin of the Grosvenors, but was rather closely associated with him in business, in the law firm which they were both members. There were no attendants and only a handful of guests, as the bride is in mourning for her brother, Lieut. Jerome Cudlipp, killed in France. They are originally Virginians—the Cudlapps—the soldier brother and artist sister being the children of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Cudlipp of Richmond. Capt. Grosvenor, by the way, is stationed in Washington in the Military Intelligence Division of the Chief of Staff.

The Gilbert Grosvenors, by the way, are staying out at Wildacres, until they are perfectly sure the influenza is safely past. They have a family of young children—one very young daughter who arrived only about six weeks ago—who, they think, are better off in the country for the present. Mr. Grosvenor's interests—he is director and editor of the National Geographic Society—are of the scientific leisurely sort that are not at all incompatible with suburban residence. And as Mrs. Grosvenor's parents—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell—are in Canada, and likely to stay there all winter, there is nothing much to bring her in town early.

The Alexander Graham Bell, thinking very patriotically that it would be a shame to keep their big Connecticut avenue house closed while they were away, and at a time when there was such crying need for housing, have turned it into a sort of an apartment. That is, they have turned one door over to a group of officers. A member of one of the big war boards has another floor, and Maj. and Mrs. Granville Fortescue and their family are occupying a third apartment. Mrs. Fortescue, you know, is a niece of Dr. Bell. She was Grace Bell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bell and her mother and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell are sisters-in-law. Their happening to marry men of the same surname was a mere coincidence. I have never heard that the two Bells were related, though they have each achieved unusual eminence in their respective fields of endeavor—the one as a scientist and inventor, the other as a banker; and their houses stand

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Another wedding of last Saturday which came as a surprise—almost as a shock—was that Mrs. T. M. Tysowski and Admiral Benjamin Tappan, U. S. N., which was celebrated rather hurriedly out at the bride's country home, Altha, in Alexandria County, Va., late Saturday afternoon. It was rather an elderly wedding, being attended, among others, by the grandchildren of both the high contracting parties. I rather wondered if it was not something of a surprise to them; but I was assured that they had planned it for December and had hurried it up—all same like the young folks—because of Admiral Tappan's orders. He has been stationed in Philadelphia, at the League Island Navy Yard, and he had been transferred to New Orleans to take charge of the U. S. Naval District. Now it was a mere bagatelle to run down from Philadelphia for a few hours or a week-end with his fiancée, but it would have been rather more of an undertaking to come up from New Orleans for the same purpose. So they decided to get it over with, and Admiral Tappan has taken a bride down to his new post with him. He is one of the older officers of the navy, having been one of Dewey's younger officers at Manila Bay, and having so distinguished himself that he was rewarded with the command of the California, the first Spanish ship captured at that historic occasion.

Yet another bride who has recently come to Washington for her first winter of matrimony is Mrs. William Houghteling—oh yes, you do know her, perfectly! She was Virginia LeBeure, Speaker Cannon's attractive and original little granddaughter, who made her debut here about three seasons ago under her "Aunt Helen's" chaperonage, and was a huge success. Washington will not have to make her

acquaintance, so much as her husband. He is a captain in the army and is to be stationed here. But he hasn't always been in the army. He's one of the Chicago Houghtelings—his big brother, James Lawrence Houghteling, married Laura Delano a couple of years ago, and took her back to Chicago to live. He's also in the army—and I believe in France. They are the Peabody, Houghteling & Co. people, and very well, and favorably known in Chicago. Mr. Peabody was here for a while as head of the fuel board of the Council of National Defense or something of the sort, before they made a separate fuel administration and called Dr. Garfield down from Williamstown to run it. Virginia LeBeure was mean enough to have her wedding out in Danville, which of course is her home, but horribly inaccessible to her Washington friends, in these days of railroad "non-essentials" traveling along with other nonessential industries. That was about the middle of October. And all ready she is settled for the winter in the house on G street which her young husband was sufficiently forehanded to secure for her. And of course she is being welcomed with open arms.

Her aunt, Miss Helen Cannon, and her grandfather, Representative Joseph Cannon are among the many well-

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